

BATMAN
No. 21

FEB...MAR.
TEN CENTS



BATMAN

**BATMAN & ROBIN
WHOO IT UP
IN FOUR WHIRLWIND
ACTION STORIES!**



Batman Comics

BATMAN

WITH

ROBIN

THE BOY WONDER

THE ENEMY
SPY! SABOTEUR! EVIL!
THEY ARE! INDEED! BUT
WHAT OF THE DOMESTIC LEECH,
THE HOME-GROWN GRASPER OF
GAIN? CAN THERE BE ANYONE MORE
TRAITOROUS, MORE CONTEMPTIBLE
THAN THOSE WHO SEEK TO CASH IN ON
THE HARDSHIPS OF WAR?
THERE IS SUCH A GROUP IN THIS
COUNTRY: WE CALL IT--THE BLACK
MARKET!

THESE ARE THE CRIMINALS WHO TAKE
BATMAN AND ROBIN FROM THE EASTERN
BIG TOWN TO THE WESTERN PRAIRIES TO
CORRAL....

THE
STREAMLINED RUSTLERS!





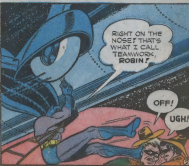
DAWN SEES THE BEEHIVE-SHAPED BATPLANE SOARING OVER THE ROLLING PRAIRIE AND SAGE BRUSH.



LIKE A SWOOPING HAWK, THE BATPLANE DIVES, AND FROM A DANGLING ROPE-LADDER, BATMAN LAUNCHES HIS SURPRISE ATTACK!



SIX-GUN LEAD CLIPS BATMAN'S CAPE AS HE SHOUTS INSTRUCTIONS UP TO ROBIN AT THE CONTROLS!





LATER... WHEN THE RANCHERS LEAVE...

Y'SEE BATMAN, THEIR COMBINED RANCHES COMPRISE THE WHOLE COUNTY UNDER MY JURISDICTION! THE DRAFT TOOK MOST O' MY DEPUTIES, AND WITH ONLY A FEW MEN, IT'S NIGH IMPOSSIBLE TO PATROL THIS BIG AREA PROPERLY!

I CAN SEE THAT!

STILL LATER... AS BATMAN AND ROBIN LEAVE...

ROBIN, I'M WONDERING WHY COTTER WAS SO LUCKY AS TO HAVE HIS RANCH RUSTLED ONLY ONCE!

YES... HE SEEMS TOO INNOCENT FOR ME! VERY OFTEN, WHEN WE FIND THE GUILTY PERSON IN A MYSTERY, HE TURNS OUT TO BE A MAN LIKE COTTER!

THE NEXT MORNING... AS BATMAN VISITS WITH THE SHERIFF...

MR. BRULE! WHAT'S UP? YOU LOOK AS JUMPY AS A JACKRABBIT!

HERE! READ THIS NOTE I JUST FOUND IN MY MAIL!

I HEAR YOU BEEN COMPLAINING YOUR CATTLE HAVE BEEN RUSTLED TOO MANY TIMES! JUST TO MAKE SURE YOU'VE REALLY GOT SOMETHING TO COMPLAIN ABOUT I'M GOING TO RUSTLE YOUR TWO RANCHES AGAIN!

BATMAN, HELP ME! STAY ON MY RANCH... DISGUISE YOURSELF... DO ANYTHING... BUT STOP THEM RUSTLERS!

"DISGUISE?... HMM... THAT'S AN IDEA!"

SHERIFF! THAT WAY YOU COULD FOLLOW 'EM TO THEIR HIDEOUT! THEN WE AND N' DEPUTIES WOULD CLOSE IN! BUT WE GOTTA KEEP YORE DISGUISE A SECRET!

NIGHTFALL... AND ON BRULE'S THREE ARROW CIRCLE RANCH, COWHANDS RELAX UNDER THE LIGHT OF A FULL WESTERN MOON...

HOW ABOUT A TUNE ON YORE BANJO, BOSS? MEIN THE BOYS FEEL LIKE KREYODELIN' TONIGHT!

SURE!

AND AS BRULE PLINKS THE STRINGS OF HIS BANJO, TWO INVITED GUESTS WATCH WITH INTEREST—BATMAN AND ROBIN IN DISGUISE!

HOME... HOME ON THE RANGE...

GOSH, IT'S SO PEACEFUL! YOU COULD ALMOST FORGET THIS RUSTLING BUSINESS!

WELL, DON'T FORGET IT! THE CHIEF RUSTLER MAY BE RIGHT HERE AMONG US THIS VERY MINUTE!

AND LURKING ON THE FRINGE OF THE CROWD ARE TWO OTHER INVITED GUESTS... COTTER AND KRAFT!

I WONDER IF BRULE IS PLAYING TO KEEP UP HIS COURAGE?

HELL, HE'LL NEED PLENTY OF IT BEFORE THE NIGHT'S OVER! MAYBE HELL BE PLAYING A DIFFERENT TUNE TOMORROW!

LATER... WHEN BATMAN AND ROBIN RETURN TO THEIR ROOM, THEY FIND A NOTE UNDER THEIR DOOR?

WHAT'S IT SAY?

BATMAN & ROBIN:
MEET ME AT EXACTLY ELEVEN O'CLOCK AT THE FORKED STREAM ON THE RANGE. HAVE INFORMATION ABOUT RUSTLERS.
—A FRIEND

SAY, HOW COULD THIS "FRIEND" KNOW WE'RE BATMAN AND ROBIN? THAT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE A SECRET!

APPARENTLY IT ISN'T ANYMORE, SO WE MIGHT AS WELL SHUCK THIS DISGUISE AND GET STARTED!

ELEVEN O'CLOCK SHARP! THE FORKED STREAM WHERE STEERS GRAZE IN QUIET COMPLACENCY...

I DON'T SEE ANYBODY, DO YOU?

ONLY STEERS! I THINK WE GOT A BUM STEER, IF YOU ASK ME!

SUDDENLY!! CRASHING SHOTS AND YELLS SPLIT THE NIGHT! LIKE A RELEASED AVALANCHE, THE PANIC-CRAZED CATTLE THUNDER INTO A MIGHTY STAMPEDE!

YAHOO!

BANG! CRASH!

GET ALONG! YAHOO!

STAMPEDE!

KNIFE-EDGED HOOF GRIND EARTH TO POWDER, CHOP GRASS TO SHREDS... AS THE IRRESISTIBLE TIDE OF MADDED STEERS POUND FORWARD!

RUN, ROBIN! RUN OR WE'RE GONERS! ROBIN!!

UH..!

A QUICK FLIP AND THE BATMAN'S STEEL-SILK ROPE WHISTLES THROUGH THE AIR TO WHIP ROUND A STOUT BRANCH!

HOLD TIGHT! HERE WE GO!

AND BEFORE THE PRONGED HORNS OF THE THUNDERING STEERS, BATMAN AND ROBIN CATAPULT FORWARD IN A RACE WITH MANGLING DOOM!

CAN THEY MAKE IT?



LIKE TWO CATS THEY ALIGHT ON THE HARD TURF... AND ROLL, TUMBLE ONWARD IN THEIR MOMENTUM — TO CLEAR THE FLANK OF THE THUNDERING HERD!



ANKLE'S OKAY NOW! WELL... AT LEAST WE'VE NARROWED OUR SEARCH DOWN! ONLY COTTER, KRAFT AND BRULE KNEW WE WERE IN DISGUISE, SO THE MAN WHO TRIED TO MURDER US MUST BE ONE OF THEM!

YOU'RE FORGETTING THE SHERIFF! WE CAN'T TRUST ANYBODY TOO MUCH WHEN IT COMES TO BLACK MARKET RACKETEERING!



NEXT DAY... BATMAN AND ROBIN ARE INVITED TO RIDE THE RANGE WITH SHERIFF COO...



OUR WESTERN BOYS ARE FIGHTIN' ON ALL FRONTS NOW... AND US AT HOME ARE BUYIN' WAR BONDS AND DOIN' DEFENSE WORK... BUT THESE BLACK MARKET RUSTLERS ARE GVIN' THE WEST A BAD NAME! NOW Y'SEE WHY I GOTTA GET 'EM?

YES... I SEE!



WON'T THAT WINDMILL MUST BE FIFTY FEET HIGH!

IT SUPPLIES WATER TO THE CATTLE? COTTER, KRAFT AND BRULE USE IT TOGETHER? IT'S A SORT OF DINNIN' POST!

A FOCAL POINT FOR ALL THE RANCHES? I'LL BET A MAN WITH FIELD GLASSES COULD SCAN THE WHOLE COUNTY FROM UP THERE!



THAT NIGHT...

B-BUT IF YOU WANT TO CHECK UP ON THE RANCHES TONIGHT, WHY NOT DO IT FROM THE BATPLANE?

IT WOULD BE SEEN... MOTOR WOULD BE HEARD! THAT WINDMILL TOWER MAKES A PERFECT LOOKOUT POST! YOU GET THE SHERIFF AND MEET ME THERE!



BUT UPON NEARING THE WINDMILL, BATMAN RECEIVES A SURPRISE...



WHO? SOMEONE HERE BEFORE... AND SENDING OUT LIGHT SIGNALS? I'LL BET THAT'S HOW THE RUSTLERS KNOW IT'S ALL CLEAR TO GO AHEAD!

WITH THE STEALTH OF A MOUNTAIN CAT, BATMAN PADS SILENTLY TO THE TOWER AND STARTS TO CLIMB...



I HEARD SOMETHING—
OOFF!



NOT SOMETHING...
SOMEONE?

BUT THE RUSTLER IS A TOUGH ANTAGONIST!



OH!!!

A WHIRLING WINDMILL BLADE CLIPS BATMAN ON THE TEMPLE... AND BATS HIM OFF THE SCAFFOLD INTO EMPTY SPACE!



GASPING FOR BREATH, BATMAN BENDS OVER IN AGONY FROM THE FOWL KICK... BUT A PIERCE HAYMAKER STRAIGHTENS HIM UP... SENDS HIM TOTTERING BACK.... BACK....



...BACK TO THE CHURNING BLADES!

BUT BATMAN'S LUCKY STAR IS SHINING! HIS TUMBLING BODY DROPS LIKE A PLUMMET— INTO THE WATER TANK!



JUST ONE SHOT AND IT'S ALL OVER! NO! THAT'S TOO QUICK! I WANT HIM TO SUFFER! I GOT A BETTER IDEA! HAF HAF YEAH!



HALF-UNCONSCIOUS FROM PUNISHMENT AND HIS EXERTIONS, BATMAN SLUMPS WEARILY TO THE GROUND... WHEN AN ARM PROPS HIM UP... A FRIENDLY VOICE SPEAKS ALMOST HYPNOTICALLY...

GO AHEAD... CHEW IT... IT'LL MAKE YOU FEEL GOOD... THAT'S IT... NOW SWALLOW IT... THAT'S FINE... HAF HAF.



HALF AN HOUR LATER...

HE'S COMING TO, SHERIFF! THANK HEAVENS!



WHAT?!

HEE! HEE! GO 'WAY! GO 'WAY! HEE! HEE! HEEEEHHEEHEEHEE!

HUH?



HEE! HEE! GUNT WANT GUNT! MAKE BIG NOISE! BANG! BANG! HEE! HEE!

HEY!

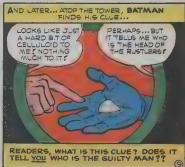
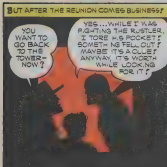
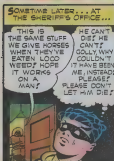


HEE! HEE! GIDDAP, HORSEY! BANG! BANG! I'M A COWBOY! YAHOO! HEE!

SHERIFF, AM I SEEING THINGS? AM I?

JUMPIN' GILA MONSTER! THE BATMAN'S GONE LOOO... GONE PLUMBA LOOO!

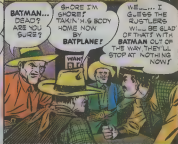




BATMAN EXPLAINS A PLAN OF STRATEGY...



ACCORDINGLY... THAT DAY...



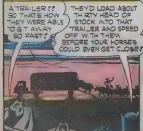
THAT NIGHT... ATOP A BEARING TELEGRAPH TOWER...



SOON AFTER... A POSSE OF VENGEFUL LAWMEN GALLOPS ACROSS THE PRAIRIE!



AND WHEN THE 'CIRCLE K' RANGE IS REACHED, THE STREAMLINED METHOD OF MODERN RUSTLING IS REVEALED!



AN ANGRY BLAST FROM THE SHERIFF'S SIX-GUN IS THE SIGNAL FOR THE CHARGE!



AND IN THE MIDST OF THAT GUN BATTLE, BATMAN AND ROBIN FLASH THEIR OWN BRAND OF BATTLE TACTICS!





IT'S NO USE!
YOU HAVEN'T
GOT A CHANCE!



WELL...
LOOK WHAT
I FOUND IN
THE TRUCK!

BRANDING
IRONS?



SWIFTLY BATMAN PRESSES
THE IRONS IN THE SOFT CLAY
TO REVEAL THE
BRANDS...

I NEVER
SAW THOSE
RANCH
BRANDS
BEFORE!

THAT'S JUST
IT? THEY
DON'T BELONG
TO ANY RANCH?
WOOF! I'M
GOING TO TAKE
YOU TO THE
HEAD OF THE
RUSTLERS!



SOMETIME LATER... THEIR GALLOPING
HORSES TAKE THE DUO TO THE RANCH OF...

BRULE!!

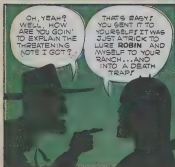
YES ROBIN...
BRULE...
THE SECRET
HEAD OF
THE
BLACK
MARKET
RUSTLERS!

WHA...??



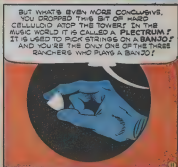
YOU'RE
PLUMB LOCO!
ARE YOU
FORGETTIN' MY
CATTLE WERE
RUSTLED?

I'M NOT
LOCO ANYMORE!
THAT "RUSTLING"
OF YOUR
CATTLE WAS
JUST TO MAKE YOU
SEEM A VICTIM,
TOO!



OH, YEAH?
WELL, HOW
ARE YOU GOIN'
TO EXPLAIN THE
THREATENING
NOTE I GOT?...

THAT'S EASY!
YOU SENT IT TO
YOURSELF! IT WAS
JUST A TRICK TO
LURE ROBIN AND
MYSELF TO YOUR
RANCH... AND
INTO A DEATH
TRAP!



BUT WHAT'S EVEN MORE CONCLUSIVE,
YOU DROPPED THIS BIT OF HARD
CELLULOID ATOP THE TOWER IN THE
MUSIC WORLD IT IS CALLED A PLECTRUM!
IT IS USED TO PICK STRINGS ON A BANJO!
AND YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE OF THE THREE
RANCHERS WHO PLAYS A BANJO!

THEN, WITH A STICK, BATMAN TRACES TWO DESIGNS IN THE SOFT TURF...

AND HERE'S MY NA... PROOF! I'VE TRACED THE BRANDS OF COTTER'S RANCH... THE 'CO'... AND KRAFT'S RANCH... THE 'CIRCLE K'! NOW OVER THEM I WILL SUPERIMPOSE THE MARKINGS OF THE TWO BRANDING RINGS FOUND IN 'THE RUSTLER'S' TRUCK...



...AND NOW THEY BECOME THE 'DOUBLE BAR 8' RANCH AND THE 'THREE ARROW CIRCLE' RANCH... THE NAMES AND BRANDS OF YOUR TWO RANCHES?



YOU TOOK THOSE NAMES AND BRANDS FOR YOUR RANCHES SO YOU COULD RUSTLE COTTER AND KRAFT'S CATTLE AND MANGLE THEM WITH YOUR OWN HERD?

YA SNOOPIN' TENDERFOOT? ZILLLL...



MAYBE I CAN'T GET YOU, BUT I CAN GET THIS BRAT YOU'RE SO FOND OF... AGH!



I GUESS IT WAS OL' BETSY WHO HAD THE LAST WORD IN THIS TRIGGER TALK!



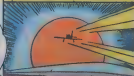
NEXT MORNING BATMAN AND ROBIN PREPARE TO BREAK CAMP...

BATMAN, YOU AND ROBIN DID AS A SMALL SERVICE BY HELPIN' TO WIPE OUT THOSE BLACK MARKET RUSTLERS!

SHERIFF, IF PEOPLE WOULDN'T PATRONIZE BLACK MARKET TRAITORS AND THINK MORE OF THEIR COUNTRY INSTEAD OF THEIR STOMACHS, THAT WOULD BE THE GREATEST SERVICE OF ALL!

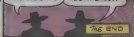


AND SO IT'S GOODBYE TO THE LAND OF THE PURPLE SAGE AS THE BATPLANE WINGS EASTWARD OVER THE ROLLING PRAIRIE...

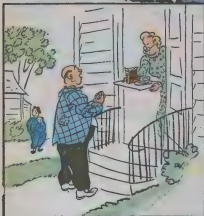


WELL, SHERIFF, THERE THEY GO... BACK TO THE BIG CITY!

YEP... THEY DID THEIR PART... LET'S HOPE OTHER FOLKS DO THE REST!



THE END



"If you don't mind lady, skip the Wheaties—last time I had 'em, I worked for two whole weeks!"



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of
Champions"**
WITH MILK AND FRUIT

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BAT MAN

WITH
ROBIN
THE BOY WONDER

BOB
KANE

CRIME COMMUNIQUE

LAST NIGHT OUR RECOGNIZED
RIFLERS STORMED A
STRATEGIC STRONGHOLD--
JONES JEWELS INC.--
AND PUT OUT OF ACTION ONE
NIGHT WATCHMAN AND TWO
COPS... THEN RETIRED TO
PREVIOUSLY PREPARED
POSITIONS WITH MUCH BOOTY
INCLUDING A GEMSTONE NECKLACE
WORTH TEN GRAND, EMERALD
BRACELETS, RINGS, WATCHES, ETC.

THREE'S A SAMPLE OF WHAT
HAPPENS WHEN CRIMINAL FORCES
IN FULL BATTLE ARRAY TAKE
THE OFFENSIVE AGAINST LAW
AND ORDER IN GOTHAM CITY,
BUT WHEN THOSE TWO TACTICAL
TERRORS--MIGHTY BATMAN
AND ROBIN THE BOY WONDER--
LAUNCH A THUNDERING COUNTER-
ATTACK, BRAINS AND BRAWN
TURN THE TIDE OF COMBAT,
AND IT'S ALL OVER BUT THE
SHOOTING FOR THE...

**'BLITZKRIEG
BANDITS!'**

NOCTURNAL
SILENCE BLANKETS
GOTHAM CITY...
BUT NEAR THE
WHARVES, A
GRIM BATTLE
RAGES BETWEEN
BATMAN AND
ROBIN AND
THE NOTORIOUS
GANG OF
CHOPPER GANT!

YOU'RE
LOWER THAN
A SACHSUNG,
CHOPPER...
STEALING
FOOD TO
SELL IN
TIMES LIKE
THESE!

YOU'RE
GOING TO
BE LOWER
THAN THAT
IN A
SECOND!

BANANAS... TREACHEROUSLY FLUNG
BENEATH THE FEET OF THE POWERHOUSE
PAIR... PROVIDE ESCAPE FOR THE
RELEASED GANGS...

OOPS!

THAT
TAKES
CARE OF
'EM!
COME ON!

BUT PURSUIT OF THE EVIL IS SWIFT...

VERY UNDISGUISED,
GETTING SPILLED
LIKE THAT?

IT ISN'T MY
DIGNITY THAT
HURTS! BUT
THEY'LL ACHIEVE
ALL OVER WHEN
WE GET OUR
HANDS ON
THEM!

WHERE'D
THEY
DISAPPEAR
TO, SO
FAST?

THAT
LECTURE
HALL.
MAYBE...

CONCERNING STRATEGIC
RETREAT, I QUOTE
CLAUSEWITZ...

LISTEN TO THAT?
IF CHOPPER
AND HIS MUGGS
CAME IN HERE,
THEY COULDN'T
STAND IT LONG!

BUT WHEN THE LECTURE
DRAWS TO A CLOSE...

WOW! WE SURE
PLT ONE OVER
ON DEM, SUPPIN'
IN HERE! BUT
LISTENING TO
DAT HANNIBAL
BONEYPART
GUY IS ALMOST
AS BAD AS
SCRAPPIN'
WID BATMAN!

YEAH, STUPID!
WELL, I JUST
GOT A TERRIFIC
IDEA! THIS
MILITARY EXPERTS
GONNA HELP US
PULL JOBS...
LIKE CRACKING
THE DOODGE
HOUSE!

ARE YA
CRAZY,
CHOPPER?
NOBODY
CAN GET
IN DE
DOODGE
JOINT
ALIVE!
IT'S A
REGULAR
PORT!

SURE, BUT PORTS'VE
BEEN CRACKED
BY GUYS LIKE
THIS HANNIBAL
BONAPARTE BROWN!
F'NOM, WE'RE
GONNA SEE HIM
NOW! WE'RE
SUPPOSED TO BE
REPORTERS, GET ME!

BACKSTAGE...

REAL REPORTERS? MY GOODNESS ARE YOU SURE IT'S ME YOU WANT? I'VE NEVER BEEN INTERVIEWED IN MY LIFE!

YOU WORK WITH JOE BROWNE, AND YOU'LL BE INTERVIEWED PLENTY! WE'RE GONNA MAKE YOU FAMOUS AND PUT A LOAD OF DOLLS IN YOUR POCKET, SEE?



FAIR AND FORTUNE... TANTALIZING NO BAIT TO DANGLE BEFORE AN OBSCURE LITTLE DREAMER

WE'LL FIX YOU UP A REGULAR HQ WITH MAPS AND ALL THE OTHER STUFF YOU NEED... AND A SWELL SALARY... AND YOU GIVE US THE ANSWERS TO WHAT WE HAVE TO WRITE ABOUT? HOW DOES THAT SOUND TO YOU?

MY WORD! WONDERFUL!



LATER AT THE GANG'S HIDEOUT...

WELL WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT, BROWNE?

IT'S... IT'S THE ANSWER TO ALL MY PRAYERS! MY WHOLE LIFE SPENT STUDYING THE INTRICACIES OF MILITARY SCIENCE... AND NOW AT LAST I'M TO BE A RECOGNIZED AUTHORITY! I'M... I'M... DEAR ME, I'M ALL CHOKED UP!



HIS UNWITTING VICTIM, SECURELY SNARED THE WILY CRIME LEADER GETS DOWN TO BUSINESS...

NOW, US REPORTERS GOT A PROBLEM TO WRITE ABOUT FOR TOMORROW! WE GOTTA FIGURE OUT HOW TO CAPTURE AN ENEMY FORT... FOR A MOUNTAIN TOP! OUR NOB... UH... SOLDIERS CAN'T JUST WALK UP AND TAKE IT BECAUSE THEY'D BE CUT DOWN BY MACHINE GUNS! SO HOW CAN IT BE DONE?

A FASCINATING PROBLEM MR. GANT? FRONTAL ASSAULT WOULD BE INEFFECTIVE AS YOU SUGGEST! I WOULD ADVISE THE MOST MODERN METHOD: DRY GEE!

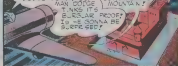


A "FASCINATING PROBLEM" IN PLACE STRATEGY TO UNWORLDLY HANK MAC MONAPARTE BROWN... BUT A SHREWD CRIMINAL PLAN TO CHOPPER GANT? FOR THAT NIGHT...

BOY, PER A GENIUS, CHOPPER, GETTING DRY EXPERT TO TELL US HOW TO CRACK DE DODGE JOINT? DO O MAN DODGE

YEAH! AFTER WE LOOT THE PLACE WELL, MEET THE PLANE IN THE VALLEY AT THE BOTTOM OF THE MOUNTAIN!

TAKES ITS BURGLAR PROOF? IS HE GONNA BE SURPRISED?



PARACHUTES SUDDENLY BUZZING IN THE BUKKY SKY AND THEN FLOAT TOWARD THE MASSIVE STRONGHOLD OF THE WILLY CHAIRS RECLUSE... A PARATROOP ATTACK!



TAKEN FROM THE REAR THE GUARDS ARE SWIFTLY MOVED DOWN...

HAW HAW! WE BROWNE TO FLOOR, TINGS OUT PER US DE CRIME BUSINESS IS GONNA BE A PIPE!





BUT AS THE KILLER HORDE RACES AWAY, A WOUNDED GUARD... LEFT FOR DEAD IN THE CRIMSON SHAMBLES. STRUGGLING TO A CALL-BOX AND...

PO-PO-ICE HEADQUARTERS! PARACHUTE CROOKS N-HAVE INVADED TH-THE DODGE HOME ON THE MOUNTAIN TOP! H-HURRY!



A BLINDING BEAM SLASHES THROUGH THE DARKNESS... A-N-O-I-T-M-A-K-E S-G-N-A-L TO THE WICKED--CALLING THE BATMAN!



AND A WEIRD BAT SHAPE WHIZZES ON SILENT SUPER-SW-FT PROPELLERS TO THE FRAY--THE BAT PLANE BREED SCOURGE OF THE SKIES?

THE DODGE HOME? GOSH BATMAN, THAT'S ONE PLACE I NEVER THOUGHT COULD BE ROBBERED!

SO 'O'D OLD MR. DODGE! BUT PARACHUTE TROOPS HAVE OFTEN TAKEN SUCH PLACES--THOUGH TH-S IS THE FIRST TIME I'VE HEARD OF PARACHUTES GET READY--WE'RE GOING TO LAND IN THE COURT YARD!



MEANWHILE, IN THE ANCIENT WEAPONS ROOM OF THE MOUNTAIN STRONGHOLD...

I WAS A FOOL NOT TO TRUST MY MONEY AND JEWELS TO A BANK! THAT'S WHERE I'LL KEEP THEM FROM NOW ON!

IF THERE'S ANYTHING LEFT WHEN WE GET THROUGH, DODGE! TAKE YOUR TIME BLOWING THAT VAULT, BOYS! NOBODY'S GONNA BOTHER US HERE!



BUT SUDDENLY...

NOBODY BUT THE TWO OF US, CHOPPER! BUT DON'T LET US STOP YOU-- IF YOU CAN!

HEY, WE'RE OUTBLANKED OR WHATEVER, BEN CALL IT!



SWIFTLY, THOUGH, THE BANDIT COMMANDER MARSHALS HIS SHAKEN FORCES!

RUSH 'EM!

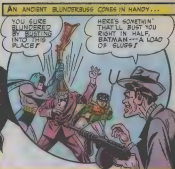
THEY CAN'T LOCK ALL OF US AT ONCE!

OH-OH!

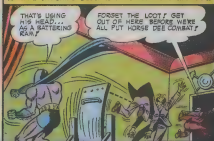
CHOPPER AND HIS BOYS WANT TO PLAY FOR KEEPS!

WELL, WE'RE PRETTY GOOD AT HITTING THE JACKPOT OURSELVES!





WITH A BLAZE OF SPEED, THE POWERHOUSE PAIR DELIVERS A FINAL SMASHING BLOW TO THE SHATTERED ENEMY NOBLE.



THE SANDY BRIGADE FLEES IN PANIC... BUT FOOTSTEPS ROUNG IN SWIFT PURSUIT BEHIND THEM!

SAY, CANT WE GET RID OF DEM SOMEWAY CHOPPER?



THEN... TONNY-GUNS STUTTER IN SINISTER STACCATO AS THE MOBSTERS MAKE GOOD, DOUBLY CERTAIN FOR THE TORNADO TEAM!



BUT LONG MINUTES LATER.

WHEW! THAT LONG SWIM UNDERWATER IS TOUGH ON THE LUNGS! BUT AT LEAST WE ESCAPED THOSE BUCKETS!

YEAH? BUT HOW ARE WE GOING TO GET OUT OF THIS MOAT?



THIS OUGHT TO DO THE JOB!

NICE THROWN!

SUPER-CHARGED MOTORS WHISPER TO POWERFUL LIFE... AND THE SPEEDY BATPLANE STREAKS OFF ON THE TRAIL! BUT...

GUESS WE'D BETTER GIVE UP! THERE ISN'T A TRACE OF EM!

NOW I REMEMBER! THAT LECTURE HALL WE THOUGHT THE GANG WOULD GO INTO! A MILITARY EXPERT WAS GIVING A TALK THERE! COME ON, WE'RE GOING TO DO SOME CHECKING ON HIM!



SCRAMBLING SWIFTLY UP THE STEEL-STRONG SILKEN ROPE, THE CAPED COMRADES RACE TO THE BATPLANE PARKED IN THE COURTYARD...

I CAN'T FIGURE IT OUT, BATMAN! CHOPPER ALWAYS WAS A SMART GANG LEADER... BUT NOTHING LIKE NOW! YOU'D THINK HE WAS A GENERAL THE WAY HE PLANNED THIS CRIME!

RIGHT? ONLY CHOPPER ISN'T ANY MILITARY STRATEGIST---HE PROVED THAT ALL THROUGH HIS CRIMINAL CAREER! SO SOMEBODY ELSE MUST BE DOING HIS PLANNING FOR HIM! BUT WHO?



AT THAT MOMENT, MANY MILES AWAY...

WELL WE'RE BACK AT DE HIDEOUT WITHOUT DE SWAG! BUT BATMAN AN DAT BEAT'RE OUTA DA WAY FOR GOOD, HUH, CHOPPER?

I AIN'T SO SURE! THEY GOT MORE LIVES THAN A FAMILY OF CATS! BUT IF THEY'RE STILL ALIVE, WE'RE GONNA GET RID OF 'EM... AND BROWNER GONNA FIGURE OUT HOW!



WHEN AM I GOING TO SEE THE ARTICLES YOU AND YOUR COLLEAGUES ARE WRITING ABOUT ME, MR. GANT? I CAN HARDLY WAIT!

LATER! RIGHT NOW WE GOT A BIG PROBLEM! LET'S SAY WE GOTTA CAPTURE A COUPA TOUGH ENEMY SPIES AND BUMP--UH--BRING 'EM TO JUSTICE! HOW COULD WE DO ABOUT IT?

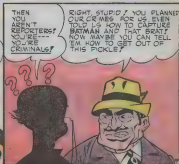
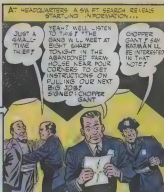


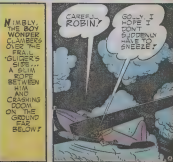
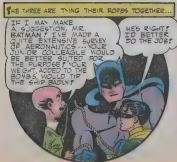
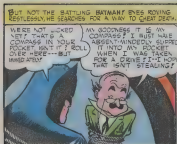
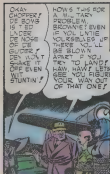
UNSUSPECTING THE MILITARY EXPERT'S BRILLIANT TACTICAL MIND CONCEIVES A DEADLY PLAN OF ANGELO FOR THOSE CHAMPIONS OF JUSTICE--- THE BATMAN AND ROBIN!

HMM! NOT PURELY A PROBLEM IN STRATEGY, BUT ONE THAT IS OFTEN IMPORTANT IN WARFARE! DECEIT IS ESSENTIAL... IF ONE OF OUR SOLDIERS WERE CAPTURED WITH FALSE INFORMATION ON HIM...

I GETCHA, BROWNER!







BUT TROUBLE LOOKS LARGE FOR THE TRAPPED TRIO!

WE'RE LOSING ALTITUDE! EVEN ROBIN'S WEIGHT WAS ENOUGH TO BRING DOWN THE BOAT! GRAB THE WHEEL... I'LL TRY TO BALANCE THE CLIP AT THE OTHER END!

GOODNESS ME! I HOPE I CAN DO IT! YOU SEE, I'VE NEVER EVEN GONE UP IN A GLIDER OR PLANE, LET ALONE FLY ONE!



MOMENTS LATER...

THERE! THE TAIL IS GOING DOWN A LITTLE!

IT'S FORTUNATE I REMEMBER ALL I READ ON THE SUBJECT. LET ME SEE... THE FIRST PRINCIPLE IS TO EMPLOY THE THERMAL CURRENTS, OR RISING COLUMNS OF AIR---



GLIDING PERILOUSLY TO THE SWAYING CRAFT, ROBIN FINALLY LOOSENS THE BOMBS LASHINGS AND...

WHEW! THAT JOB IS DONE! AND JUST IN TIME, TOO!



THEN...

THANK HEAVEN THAT'S OVER! BUT I'M WORRIED ABOUT WHAT THE GANG IS GOING TO DO! THEY HAD ME OUTLINE A PLAN TO CAPTURE AN NEW TANK PLANT--BUT I'M GLAD IT'S AN AMERICAN ONE!

THEY INTEND TO ATTACK! WHAT SHALL WE DO?

GET TO THE TANK FACTORY OUTSIDE GOTHAM CITY AS FAST AS WE CAN! THIS G-GER IS THE ONLY TRANSPORTATION HANDY! SO YOU'LL HAVE TO FLY US THERE...



MEANWHILE, AT A FASHIONABLE HOTEL IN GOTHAM CITY...

THESE EES AN OUTRAGE! WE ARE VISITING DEEPLYMENTS FROM AN ALLIED COUNTRY! WE SHALL PROTEST TO THE PRESIDENT HIMSELF!

WE KNOW WHO YOU ARE-- THAT'S WHY WE'RE HERE! HAND OVER YOUR CREDENTIALS AND RANCE CLIP!



BONAS NOTCHES SEENOR? WE ARE VISITING DEEPLYMENTS FROM AN ALLIED COUNTRY! HOWS DAT SOUND, CHOPPER?

ELEGANT! THEY'LL NEVER SUSPECT YOU-- AS LONG AS YOU KEEP HER TRAP SHUT! NOW HURRY UP! WE AINT GOT MUCH TIME!



SPEEDING THROUGH CROWDED STREETS, THE DISGUISED GANGSTERS SOON REACH THE TANK FACTORY ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN...

WE HAVE BEEN COMMISSIONED BY OUR COUNTRY TO INSPECT THESE SO-CALLED TANK PLANT. WHECH EES MAKEING TANKS FOR OUR COUNTRY? EET EES ---HOW DO YOU SAY?--- OKAY WEETH YOU?

CERTAINLY SEENOR! YOUR CREDENTIALS ARE IN ORDER! PLEASE FOLLOW ME AND I'LL SHOW YOU AROUND PERSONALLY!





ABRUPTLY, THE SUCCANBER BATTALIONS PLAN IS REVEALED IN ALL ITS CRIMINAL INGENUITY...

WHAT ARE YOU DOING? GET OUT OF THOSE TANKS- AAAH?

WERE GRABBING YOUR PAYROLL THAT W-AT? AND IF YOU THANK YOU CAN GET US OUT OF THESE TANKS, TRY IT!



HUGE TREADS CLANK AND CLASH AS THE METAL BEBEBOHS THUNDER DOWN ON THE ARMORED CARS, RULY IN COMPARISON?



BUT AT THAT INSTANT...

THERE THEY ARE, CARRYING OUT THE STRATEGY I OUTLINED TO THEM! ON, DEAR, I COULD PUNISH MYSELF IN RAGE AT BEING VICTIMIZED SO HANDILY!

NOT YOUR FAULT, BROWN? AND WELL STOP THEM! GET READY TO JUMP!



THEN... THREE FIGURES PLUMMET TO THE CUSHIONING SAND OF THE PROVING GROUNDS, WHERE TANKS ARE TESTED FOR DESERT COMBAT...

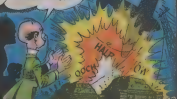
OOFF! AM I GLAG THIS GNT CONCRETE? NOW HOW DO WE BATTLE THOSE BIG TANKS?

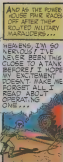
YOU'LL SEE IN A SECONDS!



...WHILE THE GLIDER SAILS ON TO CRASH INTO HIGH-TENSION CABLES, TOPPLING THEM ONTO THE JUMBLING METAL MONSTERS!

SPLENDID STRATEGY! THOSE KNAVES CANT STAY IN THEIR TANKS WHILE ELECTRICITY IS SHOOTING THROUGH THEM!





AT THE BODY PRODUCTION LINE, ROBIN PRODUCES SOME HOT BODY BLOWS...



WHERE TURRETS ARE MOUNTED, BATMAN SURMOUNTS A SUDDEN DANGER!



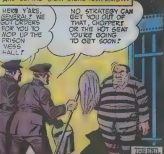
THE TREAD DEPARTMENT...



LATER, WHEN THE MARTIAN MARAUDERS HAVE BEEN MARCHED OFF TO PRISON...

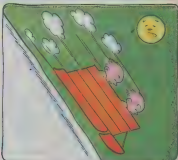


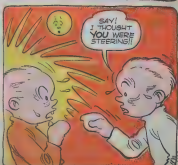
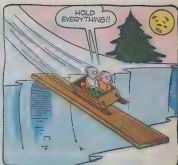
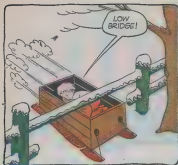
AND BEHIND GRAY STONE RAMPARTS...



BROTHER

C'MON, BROTHER!!





BATMAN

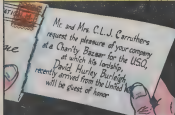
WITH
ROBIN

UNLESS, LIKE THE BATMAN AND ROBIN, TROUBLE IS YOUR BUSINESS, NEVER HIRE A BUTLER WITH A HANKERING FOR HILARITY. FOR WHEN ALFRED PULLS A PRANK ON HIGH SOCIETY, TROUBLE SWEETS A PEER OF THE REALM AND HIS STAND-IN UNTIL THAT PEERLESS PUNCHING PAIR, THE BATMAN AND ROBIN, PENETRATE THE MYSTERY OF...

"HIS LORDSHIP'S DOUBLE!"



THE MAILED BRING AN EMBOSSED INVITATION TO SOCIALITE BRUCE WAYNE—A SIMPLE WHITE CARD—BUT WHAT A TANGLED TRAIL IS DESTINED TO FOLLOW IN ITS WAKE!



I SUPPOSE I SHOULD GO, SINCE IT'S A USO BENEFIT AFFAIR, BUT WHO AND WHAT IS LORD DAVID HURLEY BURLEIGH?

PROBABLY SOME ULTRA-SMART SOCIAL LION WITH A MONOCLE!

OH, NO, SIR—IT MAY BE PERMITTED TO INTRUDE A WORD...



WHILE LACKING AN ACQUAINTANCE WITH HIS LORDSHIP MYSELF, MY SECOND COUSIN, THEOBALD, HAVING BEEN EMPLOYED AS GARDENER AT HIS LORDSHIP'S MANOR NEAR LONDON, OFTEN SPOKE OF H.M. AS A MAN OF SCIENCE!



I BELIEVE BOTANY WAS HIS CHIEF PASSION, SIR? HE MIGHT EVEN BE CALLED A BIT OF A RECLUSE, MR. WAYNE? BUT I SUPPOSE YOU'LL BE MEETING HIM AT THE BAZAAR TOMORROW NIGHT, AND I WAS WONDERING...

YOU'D LIKE TO HAVE THE EVENING OFF? BY ALL MEANS, ALFRED!



I CAN'T GET OVER ALFRED'S NEW STREAM-LINED FORM AND THAT MISPLACED EYEBROW ON HIS UPPER LIP!

IT'S GETTING RATHER LATE, DICK! IF YOU'RE COMING TO THE BAZAAR WITH ME TOMORROW EVENING, YOU'LL NEED LOTS OF REST TONIGHT!



SO—THE NEXT EVENING, OUR FRIENDS PRESENT THEMSELVES AT THE PALATIAL HOME OF THE C.L.J. CARRUTHERS...

MR. BRUCE WAYNE AND MASTER RICHARD GRAYSON!

GOOD EVENING, MRS. CARRUTHERS! IT'S NICE TO SEE YOU AGAIN!

BRUCE—EM, SO OLD YOU, COME! BUT COME—YOU MUST MEET OUR GUEST OF HONOR, LORD BURLEIGH!



*ED. NOTE: ARE YOU SURPRISED AT THE NEW ALFRED? READ JANUARY DETECTIVE COMICS TO LEARN ABOUT HIS AMAZING TRANSFORMATION!



OH— YOUR LORDSHIP—MAY I INTERRUPT YOU FOR A MOMENT?

—AND THERE WAS THE BALLY OLD FOX, RIGHT UNDER OUR VERY NOSES, YOU KNOW AND A DEJECTED LAUGH IT WAS ON ALL OF US... ER—PARDON ME...

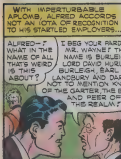


NOW, READER—GET A GOOD FIRM GRIP ON YOURSELF AS YOU LOOK AT THE FACE OF THE MAN WHO CALLS HIMSELF LORD BURLEIGH—THE MAN BETTER KNOWN TO US AS—ALFRED?

YOUR LORDSHIP—I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET MR. BRUCE WAYNE AND MASTER DICK GRAYSON...

CHAWMED! DELIGHTED, REALLY?

HUH! ER—AH—AL—I MEAN HOW DO YOU DO LORD BURLEIGH?



WITH IMPERTURBABLE APLOMB, ALFRED ACCORDS NOT AN iota OF RECOGNITION TO HIS STARTLED EMPLOYERS...

ALFRED—? I BEG YOUR PARDON, MR. WAYNE? THE NAME IS BURLEIGH! LORD DAVID HURLEY BURLEIGH, EARL OF LANCBURY AND DARBY, NOT TO MENTION KNIGHT OF THE GARTER, THE BATH AND PEER OF THE REALM?



WELL, KNOCK ME DIZZY WITH A DOILY? THE NERVE OF HIM?

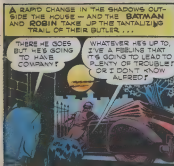
NERVE DOESN'T EVEN BEGIN TO DESCRIBE IT! THERE'S SOMETHING IN THE WIND, DICK! WE'LL HAVE TO KEEP A CAREFUL EYE ON OUR TITLED BUTLER!



LATER THAT EVENING...

LOOK—HE'S SAYING GOOD-NIGHT TO OUR HOSTESS! HE'S LEAVING!

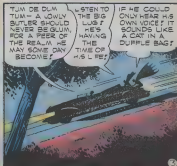
SO HE IS! AND WE'RE LEAVING RIGHT AFTER HIM! PERHAPS THE BATMAN AND ROBIN CAN GET TO THE BOTTOM OF ALFRED'S MYSTERIOUS MASQUERADE!



A RAPID CHANGE IN THE SHADOWS OUTSIDE THE HOUSE—AND THE BATMAN AND ROBIN TAKE UP THE TANTALIZING TRAIL OF THEIR BUTLER...

THERE HE GOES BUT HE'S GOING TO HAVE COMPANY?

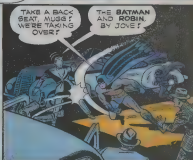
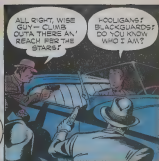
WHATEVER HE'S UP TO, I'VE A FEELING THAT IT'S GOING TO LEAD TO PLENTY OF TROUBLE! OR I DON'T KNOW ALFRED!



TUM DE DUM TUM—A JOWLY BUTLER SHOULD NEVER BE GLUM, FOR A PEER OF THE REALM HE MAY SOME DAY BECOME!

LISTEN TO THE BIG LUS! HE'S HAVING THE TIME OF HIS LIFE!

IF HE COULD ONLY HEAR HIS OWN VOICE! IT SOUNDS LIKE A CAT IN A DUFFLE BAG!



mighty muscles soon subdue the misguided mugs...

AND NOW THAT WE'VE TAKEN CARE OF THEM, HOW ABOUT DOING A LITTLE EXPLAINING, ALFRED? OR—SHOULD I ADDRESS YOU AS "YOUR LORDSHIP?"

REALLY, SIR—THIS ATTACK PUZZLES ME! AS FOR THE TITLE, IT CAME ABOUT THIS WAY...



AS I REMARKED YESTERDAY AFTERNOON, MY COUSIN THEOBALD HAPPENS TO BE LORD BURLEIGH'S GARDENER! THINKING TO GET WORD TO HIM, I CALLED AT HIS LORDSHIP'S THIS EVENING! AT FIRST, I WAS REFUSED ADMITTANCE, BUT—



"—UPON HEARING MY DISTINCTLY BRITISH ACCENT, I WAS ADMITTED BY LORD BURLEIGH HIMSELF—"

HATE REPORTERS PRYING ABOUT, Y'KNOW? BUT YOUR ACCENT MADE ME REALIZE YOU'RE FROM THE AGENCY...

BUT YOUR LORDSHIP, I—



GUESS YOU'LL DO, ALL RIGHT? NOW—HERE'S WHAT'S EXPECTED: I CAN'T ABIDE SOCIAL FUNCTIONS! YOU'RE TO BE ME AT THE CARRUTHER'S BAZAAR! THEY KNOW MY FATHER WELL, BUT THEY'VE NEVER MET ME—

BUT—



CAN'T GRACEFULLY BEG OUT, BUT SINCE THEY WON'T KNOW THE DIFFERENCE AND I'M STAYING IN THE STATES ONLY A FEW DAYS, I'VE DECIDED TO SEND A SUBSTITUTE! SO TONIGHT, YOU'LL PLAY LORD BURLEIGH! RETURN HERE AT MIDNIGHT FOR YOUR PAY!



I REALIZED, OF COURSE, THAT HIS LORDSHIP HAD MISTAKEN ME FOR AN ENGLISH ACTOR SENT BY AN AGENCY, BUT A SPIRIT OF PRANKISHNESS IMPELLED ME TO GO THROUGH WITH IT, SIR! A JOLLY IDEA, MY BEING A PEER FOR A NIGHT, DON'T YOU THINK?

IT CERTAINLY SOUNDS IN CHARACTER!

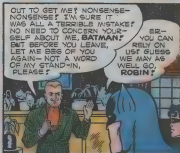
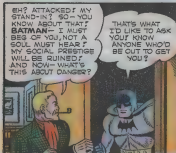
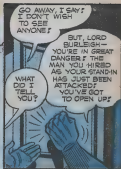


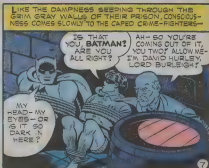
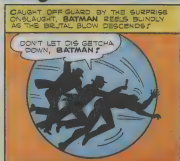
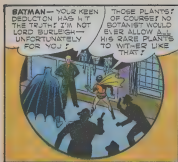
YOU SEE, SIR—LORD BURLEIGH ALWAYS WAS KNOWN AS ECCENTRIC! NEVER EVEN ALLOWED HIMSELF TO BE PHOTOGRAPHED!

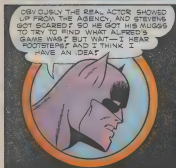
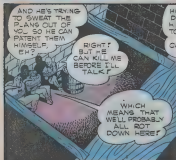
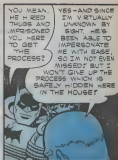
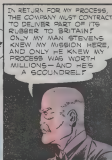
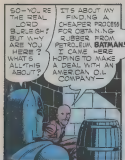
BUT THIS ATTACK! IT MUST HAVE BEEN MEANT FOR LORD BURLEIGH! SUPPOSE WE FIND OUT FROM—

YOU'LL NEVER GET A WORD OUT OF US, BATMAN!









A SUDDEN BEAM OF LIGHT LANCES THROUGH THE GLOOM AS APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS BECOME MORE AUDIBLE...



SO THE PLANS ARE HIDDEN BEHIND THAT STONE, EH? WELL, **BATMAN**, YOU DID ME QUITE A SERVICE! QUITE A SERVICE, INDEED!

YOU?
YOU OVERHEARD ME?

AS STEVEN'S DEPARTING FOOTSTEPS ECHO HOLLOWLY DOWN THE CORRIDOR...

BATMAN—
WHAT'S UP?
WHAT'S THIS
ABOUT THE
STONE?

WHY DID YOU
TELL HIM THAT?
WHEN HE FINDS
YOU USED, HE'LL
BE SO FURIOUS
HE'LL KILL YOU!

IT'S MY
OWN GAMBLE—
A DESPERATE
CHANCE! BUT
MAYBE IT'LL
WORK!



SHARP SLIVERS OF STONE FALL LIKE HAIL ABOUT THE THREE PRISONERS AS THE THUGS WORK WITH CHISEL AND PICK-AXE ON THE STONY WALLS...



BOY—DIS IS WORK!
DS DON'T SEEM
LIKE NO FRESH
JOB!

HEY! THE
STONE CHIPS
ARE FLYING
ALL OVER US!
BATMAN—
ARE YOU
ALL
RIGHT?

NEVER
MIND THE
GAS! JUST
KEEP
CHOPPING!

AND OF COURSE, YOUR LORDSHIP, YOU MANAGED IT WITH YOUR USUAL SKILL AND INGENUITY! NOT A SIGN OF FRESH MORTART HOWEVER. ALL I NEED IS A HAMMER AND CHISEL! I'LL BE BACK DIRECTLY!



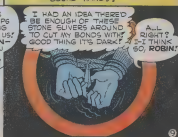
BUT THERE IS NO TIME FOR EXPLANATIONS AS THE HEAVY TREAD OF HURRYING FEET MARKS THE HASTY RETURN OF STEVEN AND HIS HENCHMEN...

THERE'S THE STONE!
START HACKING
AWAY, BOYS!

WHAT A PLACE
TO HIDE DA
PLANS!

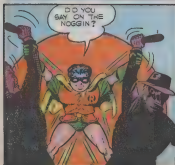
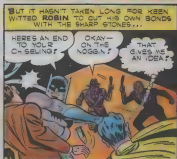
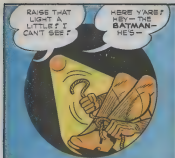


IS THE **BATMAN** ALL RIGHT? HE SEEMS TO BE PRETTY PREOCCUPIED! BUT WAIT—WHAT IS IT HE'S MANAGED TO PICK UP IN HIS BOUND HANDS?



I HAD AN IDEA THERE'D BE ENOUGH OF THESE STONE SLIVERS AROUND TO CUT MY BONDS WITH! GOOD THING IT'S DARK!

ALL
RIGHT?
Y—I THINK
SO, **ROBIN**!



A CRASHING HOLOCAUST OF CRASHING KNUCKLES QUICKLY OVERCOMES CRIMINAL RESISTANCE...

WELL, ANOTHER DAY—AND ANOTHER PROOF THAT CRIME DOESN'T PAY!

MOST EXTRAORDINARY SIGHT I'VE EVER WITNESSED! INCREDIBLE! ABSOLUTELY!

JUST A SECOND, LORD BURLEIGH, AND I'LL HAVE YOU LOOSE!

MORNING—AND AT BRUCE WAYNE'S HOME, BREAKFAST IS BEING SERVED TO TWO FATIGUED FIGHTERS...

ER—I TRUST THAT ALL WENT WELL LAST EVENING, AFTER MY—ER—AH—LITTLE MASQUERADE...

QUITE WELL, THANK YOU, ALFRED!

HE'S DYING WITH CURIOSITY!

UH—I PRESUME YOU SUCCEEDED IN DIVING THE REASON FOR LAST NIGHT'S COWARDLY ATTACK ON MY PERSON?

YES, ALFRED, WE DID!

ER—MAY I INQUIRE WHETHER, IN FOLLOWING THE IRRESPONSIBLE PROMPTINGS OF MY PRANKISH NATURE, I OVERSTEPPED MY PLACE IN APPEARING SO BRAZENLY AT THE CARRUTHERS' AS HIS LORDSHIP?

YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT WE THINK? THE COLD UNBURNED TRUTH?

SO—YOU'D LIKE OUR OPINION? IS THAT IT?

ER—AH—WELL—I—

THE TRUTH, YOU OLD RASCAL, IS THAT WE THINK YOU'RE A GEM!

(COUGH) I—I'M (COUGH) REALLY DELIGHTED! PROFOUNDLY SO! IT'S SUCH A TERRIBLE LOAD OFF MY CONSCIENCE!

YOU GET US INTO MORE TROUBLE THAN A FLOCK OF TIGERS, BUT WE LOVE IT!

I'M A LUCKY MAN, INDEED! I WOULDN'T TRADE MY SITUATION FOR ANYTHING! WHY—I'D RATHER WORK FOR BRUCE WAYNE AND MAWSTER DICK THAN BE LORD BURLEIGH, HIMSELF!

The End



NOW ON SALE

EVERYWHERE



HERO'S MISSION

By ALAN BRADLEY

IT IS NOT so much the deed as public belief in the deed that makes the hero. So, to the Nazis, Major Shultz of the Luftwaffe, was a hero. Shultz had a number of ruined schools to his credit and the way he bombed innocent women and children and smashed hospitals in England earned him the praise of his men. Yes, Major Shultz was a hero.

At least he thought so. He sat now in the dimly lit shanty which was headquarters for the hidden air base, here on the bleak coast of Norway and studied his plans. Tonight, he would take to the air with his new bomber and a picked crew of men—all willing to die for the Fuehrer.

"Only tonight," Shultz chuckled to himself, "they really will die." He grinned, and then his face became severe. What if he, Shultz, were to save his skin? Why should not he live, to direct men? That, and only that was his destiny!

His forehead furrowed in thought. What was the matter with the High Command sending only one bomber out to blast the new munitions plant the accursed English had built? He shook his head, as though to shake out the answer he already knew. That plant wasn't completed yet! Hadn't his own brother-in-law, in the Gestapo, told him so, the information coming straight from Intelligence?

And now Major Shultz, himself, had been directed to proceed to the objective and blast it to bits. Impatiently, Shultz drummed his fingers on the table, and muttered: "It is the work of Colonel Lauffer. He wants to get rid of me. I'm certain of it." Anger crowded into his eyes. Lauffer! They had been political enemies of long standing. But Lauffer was now in Intelligence and he, Shultz, a fight-

ing man had been risking his life every moment.

Major Shultz got to his feet as footsteps sounded outside the door. He heard the sentry's challenge and then, "I will inform the Herr Major. Get back to your work, you Dutch swine!"

Well, now his plan was ready. Shultz smiled to himself as he stamped across the airport to where the huge bomber was warming up in darkness. He was almost happy, thinking how he would put the lie over on his old enemy, Lauffer. What a surprise. Lauffer would get to discover the objective had been destroyed, but that Major Shultz had lived through it.

He repressed a laugh. It was dark on the field, but just the same, it didn't pay to take too many chances. Always he carried that was the philosophy which had earned him his command here. Even be careful about laughter—so that these accursed Dutch swine, who worked about the airfield, would not think their captors were soft. The iron fist and the crafty mind—those two things would win this war for the Fuehrer.

And for Shultz? More and more recognition. It was not beyond the realm of possibility for a man to become a Marshal. Look at that upstart in Africa, who had had no schooling! A look of annoyance flitted momentarily over Shultz' face. It was funny about the fellow, they didn't seem to hear much of him anymore.

The plane's shadow, like a monstrous, snoring giant, loomed before Shultz' face. A voice at his elbow said: "We are ready, Herr Major."

Shultz moved toward the steps, to climb into the nose of the snoring giant. There was a sudden commotion in the darkness. Then the sound of a blow was heard. A voice cried out in Dutch, then was quiet.

"What goes on there?" Shultz cried out, his voice stern.

"I am sorry, Herr Major," another voice answered. "This Dutch pig placed the wheel block too tightly. But I have it out now." The glow of a flashlight came on for a moment and Shultz, getting into the plane, granted approval as the man who held the light kicked one of the Dutch labor conscripts. Shultz nodded as pain contorted the man's face. Then he paused, momentarily interested by the face. It was young but also it was old, as though the tortures of the damned were etched in it.

He heard Kobel's voice. "The Herr Major is ready?"

"Yes," Shultz climbed into the cockpit and took his seat. He imagined he could feel the admiring glances of his crew. They knew he needed no co-pilot. Eleven times now had he guided this plane safely across the channel and five times had he and his crew had gotten back.

Tonight, however, only he would return. He smiled reflectively, as he pulled on the stick. The big ship roared skyward. Yes, Lauffer would never know that in addition to carrying bombs this ship was also bearing a cargo of nitro-glycerine.

"Herr Major."

Shultz looked up, annoyed at the interruption. "Down below, Herr Major. Are they not signalling us?"

Shultz looked down. The fools—did they not know better than to use the blinker like that? He was clear of the field. For a moment, he was tempted to use his radio, then recalled that such a use was verboten around this field. The English had a nasty habit of picking up wireless messages.

"It is nothing," Shultz said. "Get back to your place." He wanted to think over again, as he had done so many times this

past forty-eight hours, his plan of escape.

The bomber would be headed into the objective. But he, Shulz, having set the automatic pilot, would be at the escape door, parachuting to safety. There was no thought in Shulz' mind that he might be captured by the British Home Guard. He was, he assured himself, much too smart for them.

Shulz studied his map. They were high above the Channel now. He called the navigating room and his calculations checked. Good. In fifteen more minutes they would be over their objective and then...

Shulz started. For the first time, he noticed that the bottom half of his gas gauge was partly covered by a sheet of paper. Annoyed, he reached for it, wondering how it had managed to get away from the tightly clipped pad of paper strapped to his knee.

And then he found his eyes fixed on the paper. He was unable to tear them away. It wasn't a paper at all—it was an old photograph.

"Leuenhock!" The name slipped from suddenly whitened lips. It as though the past had flashed up and struck him. Paul Leuenhock! He had thought the man was dead, killed during a work conscription riot in Germany, to where Leuenhock had been brought after the invasion of Holland.

Pictures whirled through Shulz' mind. His early days

when Paul had been his friend, his visits during vacation time to the Leuenhock home, their good times back in Heidelberg where Paul had been studying chemistry, and then the meeting in the Nazi work camp, where he had denied knowing Paul. He had seen Paul lashed and now, suddenly, there came into his mind the pain-tortured face of his friend. He had thought he had gotten it out—but it was still there, fresh and vivid. "I'll have to visit the psychiatrist on my next leave," Shulz now mumbled to himself. "It is a fixation, purely a fixation..."

His ears heard the sound, the ominous sound. The motors—they were sputtering. Shulz looked at the gas gauge. There should have been plenty of gas to get there—plenty. And enough to return.

Feet sounded behind him. It was one of the mechanics. The man's face was white. "There is a leak, Herr Major," he cried, hoarsely. "Subotage!" Shulz stared at him.

"Acid," the man said. "It has eaten our tanks away. But how... how could it happen...?" His eyes were crying with fear. "Nobody can touch my motors." Startled, his eyes bored into Shulz' face, now ashen with fear. "Herr Major. What is the matter?"

Shulz, laughing wildly, was stuffing something in his mouth. It was the picture. "I'll get rid of it," he cried, wildly. "I'll get

rid of it." He burst into maniacal laughter as the plane plummeted toward the cliffs of Dover.

Searchlights fingered the sky and there was the burst of shells. But Shulz did not hear them. He did not see the lights, nor could he see the frightened faces of his crew, too stunned to remember to parachute. They were trained only to set on command. And while they waited for the command, Major Shulz was not looking at them. He was looking at a picture. A picture of a young but old face, with the tortures of the damned sickened in it, a face that showed in the light of a torch.

"Paul," Shulz whispered. "Paul Leuenhock, he came back from the dead to spread that acid on my plane tonight! He was that worker." Madness roused in Shulz eyes. "I'll kill him," he cried. "I'll..."

He did not finish. The plane had reached, not its objective but the end of its journey. With a roar of madness, it crashed to its death.

And miles away, a Dutch work conscript, slept peacefully, for the first night in many nights of torture, in his foul-smelling quarters and the Nazi watchman, flashing a torch on the prisoner's face, sneered. "These accursed Dutch," he muttered, "with their young faces and their smiles. We will wipe them off."

He kicked the sleeping prisoner and walked away.

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JERRY

THE JITTERBUG



BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN

WITH
ROBIN



**TAX RETURNS SHOW THREE
ECCENTRICS TO BE RICHEST
PEOPLE IN NATION!!**



BRIDGE PLANT OF OTHER CITY... WHO DOESN'T TRUST BANKS? HIS FORTUNE SAID TO BE HIDDEN IN PRIVATELY-BUILT WALL-SAFE



GLADYS PLUMGE OF BELLE
TOLLE AND AFRICAN-
COMMUNITY SHE HAS MOVED
TO LEAVE HER ENTIRE ESTATE
TO HER PET BEKINGDOG



JOHN WHITE, 11, MOVED
ALL OF CASTLE IS ALMOST
OPEN TO THE HOMELESS,
AND WHOSE WALLET IS OPEN
TO THE VIOLENCE.



FLASH *****
 BRASSING TONGUES...
 CEASE WAGGING...
 FINGERS DRUM
 NERVOUSLY...AND STYES
 BECOMES FLITTERED WITH
 A TREMOR...AS A
 SMILE...LITTLE MAN
 WAGGLED FAST...
 FOR THE CURIOUS
 DUMPTY REUSE IS
 THE PENGUIN...
 MAN OF A THOUSAND
 UNDERSTELLIT
 MOVING WITH THE
 STEALTH...OF A JUMBLE
 CAT...AND STEERING WITH
 THE VELOCITY OF A COAL
 THE LITTLE MAN...RUBS
 RAINBOW LASTLY TWO
 CATED FIDGES...THE
 GARDEN BASTMAN AND
 EQUALLY RESOURCEFUL
 EMBIN THE BOY WONDER...
 ROBIN THE TELL AND
 TAKE TO HIS TELL AND
 BLAST WIDE OF OTHERS ONE OF
 THE MOST BASTARD RUBS OF
 ALL TIME...WHEN THEY
 SOLVE...RECALLS OF...

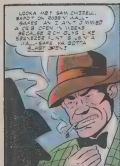
 THREE ECCENTRICIST*

THREE ECCENTRICITY

IN A SINISTER SOUTHERN CITY DIVE, STREET TROOPS
CUT THROUGH A THICK WALL OF SMOKE.

AND THAT'S WHAT I MEAN!
PICK A RIPLE OUTTA THE BUTTER
AN' WHAT DO I READ?
WALL SAFES... POOCHES...
CHARITY? AN'... GUYS LIKE
US... IS RIGHT





TWENTY HOURS LATER... AND A
GROTESQUE LITTLE MAN SINGS THE
DOORBELL OF... BREWSTER FLUNT?

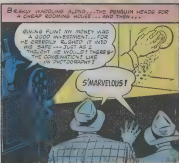


GET AWAY!
OFF AWAY!
NO PEDDLERS
ALLOWED!



...AND...
...ER...
...UUP...

STOP GABING
AND GIVE
ME MY
MONEY!









LATER... IN AN ALLEY... THE FIRM OF PENGUIN, CHIZZLE AND SPIDER HOLD A MEETING...

HE'S CUTE!
WORKS!

GLAD HE'S CUTE!
SO WHAT? WHAT
GOOD IS A PUPP
GONNA DO US?

LOW-BORN BOOBY
LET IT PENETRATE
YOUR THICK SKULL
THAT NOT ONLY WILL
I GET A TRESPASSING
REWARD FOR
RETURNING THE DOG...
BUT IT WILL ALSO
AFFORD ME AN
OPPORTUNITY TO...
AH... "CARRY" MISS
GLADYS PUPP'S
DOANIT!

WHA--
OUCH!

YEAH... SURE...
THAT'S RIGHT? I GUESS
THAT'S WHY I LET
A LITTLE GUY
LIKE YOU SHAKE ME
AROUND? YOU GOT
BRAINS... AN
UMBRELLAST!



AND... AT THAT VERY MOMENT...

YOU TWO SHOULD
STAY A WHILE
LONGER! YOU
NEED THE
KEST!

THANKS
FOR
EVERYTHING,
DOCTOR... BUT WE'LL TAKE
OUR REST AFTER WE
LAND THE
PENGUIN!

CHANGING
FEET SPEED
TO THE
BATMOBILE'S
MOODY
GARAGE?

WHERE
ARE
GOING
BATMAN?

TO BELLEVILLE!
WE'LL SAVE TIME BY
TAKING THE SHORTCUT
THAT RUNS
PAST THE
QUICKSAND BED!

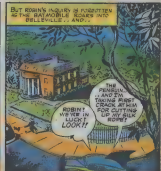
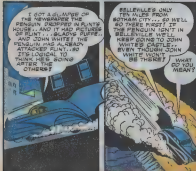


I GOT A GLIMPSE OF
THE NEWSPAPER THE
PENGUIN DROPPED IN RINT'S
HOUSE... AND IT HAD PICTURES
OF RINT... GLADYS THERE...
AND JOHN WHITE! THE
PENGUIN HAD ALREADY
ATTACKED RINT... SO
IT'S LOGICAL TO
THINK HE'S GOING
AFTER THE
OTHERS!

BELLEVILLE'S ONLY
TEN MILES FROM
GOTHAM CITY... SO WE'LL
GO THERE FIRST! IF
THE PENGUIN ISN'T IN
BELLEVILLE WE'LL
KEEP GOING TO JOHN
WHITE'S CASTLE...
EVEN THOUGH JOHN
WHITE WON'T
BE THERE!

WHAT
DO YOU
MEAN?

BUT ROBIN'S INQUIRY IS FORGOTTEN
AS THE BATMOBILE SCARPS INTO
BELLEVILLE... AND...



ROBIN!
WE'RE IN
LUCK!
LOOK!!

THE
PENGUIN...
AND I'M
TAKING FIRST
CRACK AT HIM
FOR CUTTING
UP MY SILK
ROPE!

BUT THAT INSTANT, ANOTHER OF THE PENGUIN'S VERSATILE UMBRELLAS REVEAL...

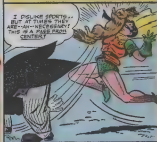


NOW TO COLLECT... WELL... WELL IF THE BOY ATHLETES ARE BACK AGAIN!



TUT! TUT! MY SHOELACE IS UNDONE! THEY'LL NEVER DO!

THEN... AS BATMAN AND ROBIN THE BOY WONDER THUNDER TOWARDS THEIR PREY... THE PENGUIN'S CHUBBY HAND GRASPS A SQUEALING BALL OF FIRE...



I DISLIKE SPORTS... BUT AT TIMES THEY ARE--AN--NECESSARY! THIS IS A FINE PAIN CENTER!

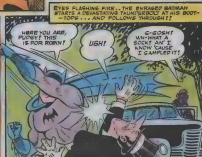
THE UNEXPECTED ONSLAUGHT THROWS ROBIN OFF BALANCE...



O-CAN'T STOP... AIEEEEEEEE!

YIKE YIKE

WACK



WHERE YOU ARE, PUDGY! THIS IS FOR ROBIN!

UGH!

O-GOSH! WH-HAT A SOCKS AN I KNOW CAUSE I GAMPLED IT!



O-CAN WE HELP, MUSTER PENGUIN?

PAH! CONSIDERLY I HETCHES!



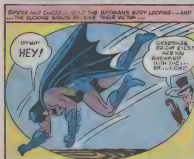
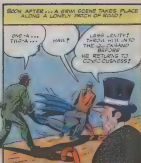
COMING AT YOU, PENGUIN!

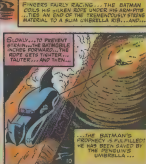
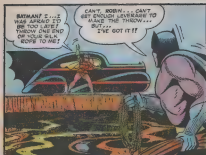


THE PENGUIN'S CAR FUMBLES AT A SPRING... AND THE UMBRELLAS KNOCK ZIPS FORWARD WITH MURDEROUS ACCURACY!

MEET MY REVEST UMBRELLA, BATMAN... AND YOU OTHER TWO HERDS CLAMP HIM INTO THE CAR! THE DOG GOT AWAY, BUT BATMAN WON'T IT!

YESSIR!





TWO DAYS LATER... A CAR TOGS UP A
STEEP INCLINE... TO THE CASTLE-HOME
OF... JOHN WHITE!!



AM-MISTER
PENGUIN!
THE DOOR...
IT'S OPEN!!
WITHOUT NO
DUE TOUGHEN
IT?



HULKING
FOOL! COMPOSE
YOURSELF!! IT'S
CAUSED BY
A VAGRANT
BREEZE!

DID
THAT
OPEN
THE
DOOR?

SHROUNT
LOUT! THAT
ARMOR
AS CHANG
THE
BATMAN



WHAT A
CREEPY LOOKIN'
DUMP!!
BR-R-R-R!!

YOUR
CONARDLY
CHILLS
WILL
SENSE
BEFORE
THE VAGRANT
OF
MONEY!!



WHA---
OH-WHAT!! IT'S
THE GHOST
OF
THE
BATMAN!

THAT'S NOT
FUNNY!



IT
IS
FUNNY!



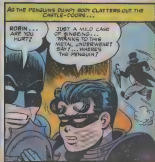
IN FACT IT'S SO FUNNY
THAT YOU'RE DOUBLED
UP WITH LAUGHTER!

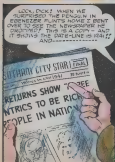
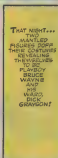


SPIDER... WE
GOTTA BE BRAVE!
IF WE DON'T GET
THE BATMAN...
THE PENGUIN
WILL
GET US!

BEGONE,
VILE
VARLETS!







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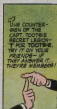
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